Ro. O I am fortunes foole.
Ben. Why dost thou stay?

Exit Romeo.

Enter Citizens.

Citi. Which way ran he that kild *Mercutio*?
Tybalt that mutherer, which way ran he?
Ben. There lies that *Tybalt*.
Citi. Vp sir, go with me:
I charge thee in the Princes name obey.

Enter Prince, olde Mountague, Capulet, *their wiues and all.*

Prin. Where are the vile beginners of this fray?
Ben. O Noble Prince, I can discouer all
The vnluckie mannage of this fatall brall,
There lies the man slaine by young *Romeo*,
That slew thy kisman, braue *Mercutio*.
Capu. Wi. *Tybalt*, my Cozin, O my brothers child,
O Prince, O Cozen, husband, O the bloud is spild
Of my deare kisman, Prince as thou art true,
For bloud of ours, shead bloud of Mountague.
O Cozin, Cozin.
Prin. Benuolio, who began this bloudie fray?
Ben. *Tybalt* here slain, whom *Romeos* hand did slay,
Romeo that spoke him faire, bid him bethinke
How nice the quarell was, and vrgd withall
Your high displeasure all this vttered,
With gentle breath, calm look, knees humbly bowed
Could not take truce with the vnruly spleene
Of *Tybalt* deafe to peace, but that he tilts
With piercing steele at bold *Mercutios* breast,
Who all as hot, turnes deadly poynt to poynt,
And with a Martiall scorne, with one hand beates
Cold death aside, and with the other sends
It backe to *Tybalt*, whose dexteritie
Retorts it, *Romeo* he cries aloud,
Hold friends, friends part, and swifter then his tongue,

His

His aged arme beates downe their fatall poynts,
And twixt them rushes, vnderneath whose arme,
An enuious thrust from *Tybalt*, hit the life
Of stout *Mercutio*, and then *Tybalt* fled,
But by and by comes backe to *Romeo*,
Who had but newly entertaind reuenge,
And toote they go like lightning, for ere I
Could draw to part them, was stout *Tybalt* slaine:
And as he fell, did *Romeo* turne and flie,
This is the truth, or let *Benuolio* die.
Ca. Wi. He is a kisman to the *Mountague*,
Affection makes him false, he speakes not true:
Some twentie of them fought in this blacke strife,
And all those twentie could but kill one life.
I beg for Iustice which thou Prince must giue:
Romeo slew *Tybalt*, *Romeo* must not liue.
Prin. *Romeo* slew him, he slew *Mercutio*,
Who now the price of his deare bloud doth owe.
Capu. Not *Romeo* Prince, he was *Mercutios* friend,
His fault concludes, but what the law should end,
The life of *Tybalt*.
Prin. And for that offence,
Immediately we do exile him hence:
I haue an interest in your hearts proceeding:
My bloud for your rude brawles doth lie a bleeding.
But ile amerce you with so strong a fine,
That you shall all repent the losse of mine.
It will be deafe to pleading and excuses,
Nor teares, nor prayers shall purchase out abuses.
Therefore vse none, let *Romeo* hence in hast,
Else when he is found, that houre is his last.
Beare hence this body, and attend our will,
Mercie but murders, pardoning those that kill.

Exit.

Enter Iuliet alone.

Gallop apace, you fierie footed steedes,